The Washington Times

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A Diplomatic Gold Brick.

Who Is to Draw the Fatal Package in the Alaskan Boundary Settlement?

If we are to credit the varied interpretations put in London, in Washington, and in Ottowa, on the Hay-Herbert treaty, some one is bargaining for a neatly packed and polished gold brick in these latest negotiations to end the Canadian boundary dispute. The text of the Alaskan convention has not yet been divulged. The precise scope of the agreement is still unknown. But it is conceded that the United States has consented to submit to a mixed commission the justice of the construction which we have always put, and which, until within a decade, Great Britain has always put, on the Anglo-Russian demarcation treaty of 1825.

The State Department has hitherto firmly refused to submit to "arbitration" our title to the Alaskan littoral acquired by purchase from Russia more than forty years after the true Canadian boundary had been run. Secretary Hay has justly contended that Canada's trumped-up claims to an Alaskan coast line could not properly be passed on by an alien umpire clothed with final and plenary power. But this country now agrees to consult the judgment of a boundary commission, an equal number of commissioners being nominated by each power. If the jury cannot reach a verdict, the modus vivendi at present in force in the disputed region is to be renewed.

Many theories are advanced to justify the signing of the new convention. By some budding Metternichs and Talleyrands it is held that the United States gave its adherence to the Alaskan treaty as the price of Great Britain's annulment of her anti-Venezuelan compact with Germany. That compact was made a lever, according to these burrowing diplomatists, to wrest from the United States an adjudication for which Canadian sentiment has long and vainly clamored. Having nothing to lose and everything to gain in Alaska, Great Britain and Canada have thus, at the cost of a little bluster in the Caribbean, immensely strengthened their claim to the outlets they covet on the Alaskan seaboard.

This, at least, is the contention of those who see in Great Britain's dealings with the rest of the world only a policy of unvarying and unyielding aggression. Others, more optimistic, who think that Downing Street is capable of catching a spark of American enthusiasm for "golden rule" diplomacy, assert that in arranging the boundary adjudication Great Britain is only eager to testify once more its friendliness to the United States. They even darkly hint that in the end one or more British jurors will be won over to the American side, and that Canada's persistent, but baseless, claims will finally be thrown overboard with a satisfying show of reasonableness and impartiality.

This outcome might gratify the United States and not greatly offend susceptibilities in the British foreign office. But what a disillusionment it would have in store for Canada, whose statesmen are already congratulating themselves on having scored an almost unhoped-for diplomatic triumph! The Dominion's prime minister is already describing the proposed adjudication as an "arbitration"—something which the United States had hitherto defiantly declined to yield.

Altogether the outlook is puzzling. Has Great Britain merely "bluffed" the United States into consenting to a settlement, which, if it turns in any way against us, we shall have every reason to regret?

Will the jury simply deadlock, leaving Canada with her claims strengthened by the weight of such partial approval, and another modus vivendi in sight?

Or is the Dominion being led blindfold into a negotiation in which her claims are to be sacrificed on the altar of "golden rule" diplomacy—of a better and firmer understanding between London and Washington?

Who is holding the bag? Who is to carry home the gold brick?

The Street Signs of Washington.

Conspicuous Principally by Their Absence, Especially in the Suburbs.

One of the chief points of difference between city and country lies in the existence, in the former, of streets which are named and labeled. It is a lamentable fact, however, that some cities, of which Washington is one, are not as different from the country in this respect as they should be.

The principal avenues of the Capital are, of course, furnished with proper signs. There is no danger that any passer-by, however ignorant, will be unable to discover that he is on Pennsylvania Avenue or F Street, between the Capitol and the Treasury. But that is precisely where the signs are more ornamental than useful. It is in the outlying streets and meadows and mudholes of suburban districts that lamp posts with signs are badly needed, and it is there that they are in many instances conspicuously absent.

Washington has very properly been called the city of magnificent distances, and there is no one who better understands the fitness of this phrase than the unfortunate pedestrian who undertakes to find a particular house in some of those suburban districts where the streets are not paved, the sidewalks are still imaginary, and the population consists mainly of persons who resemble those inhabitants of Nineveh who knew not their right hand from their left. This wearied and exasperated traveler finds that though there are lamp posts, they have nothing to say about the street on which he is, and sometimes, if he be so unhappy as to be hunting that covert in the evening, his difficulties are increased by the fact that the lamps are not lighted. He toils over one block after another, in pursuance of directions more or less vague, only to find, when he does discover a street sign, that he has been traveling in the wrong direction.

Now, the cost of street signs is but trifling, and it cannot be alleged in excuse for their absence that the streets in such regions have no names, for they all have, being as a rule "avenues" named after some hero of American history. The hero himself might need a compass and a guide if he wanted to find anything on his avenue, but he is usually dead and not responsible for its condition.

Suburban residents should have an interest in this matter. They have been reduced to giving their friends directions for finding them which sound more as if made for guidance through an Adirondack forest than like information for use in the Capital of the United States. It is time that every street that has a name, within the confines of Washington, should bear that name plainly marked on what stage managers call a practicable lamp post, at every street corner. Then suburban residents who wish to give dinners or dances will not be reduced to the necessity of organizing search parties with lanterns to find their guests and pull them out of the mud.

THE DRYEST SPOT ON EARTH.

The reputation of being the driest spot on earth is claimed by many spots in many climes, says the "Liverpool Post." The latest claimant is Payta, in Peru, a place about five degrees south of the equator on the coast that has risen forty feet in historic times. Prof. David G. Fairfield, a recent visitor, reports having reached there in February just after a rain of more than twenty-four hours, the first for eight years. The average interval between two showers is seven years. Sea fogs are common. Of about nine species of plants noticed seven were annuals and their seeds must have remained dormant in the ground for eight years. In spite of the lack of rain, the long rooted Peruvian cotton is grown in the dried up river bed, furnishing crop in the dried-up river bed, furnishing crops that yield subsistence to the natives.

Is Suicide Cowardly?

By the REV. CHARLES W. BOOT, of Baltimore.

"THE most exhaustive treatise on the subject of suicide, and that which still holds the foremost rank, both on the Continent and here, is that of Dr. Henry Morselli, professor of psychological medicine in in the University of Turin. It is entitled "An Essay on Comparative Moral Statistics,' and is essentially statistical and sociological. As to the moral aspect of suicide, he has little to say, and still less as to its religious aspect. I refer to it in this connection only to quote and emphasize the following: 'It is indisputable that madness and suicide are met with more frequently in proportion as civilization progresses, for the comparative statistics of the last fifty years tend to prove it.'

"The question for us seems to be that if the pessimists, materialists, evolutionists, and educators have failed to provide a permanent check for this evil, where shall we turn for one? Everything seems to depend upon the opinion we hold in regard to the soul, its origin, nature, attributes, and destiny.

"Being so apparent, it is unnecessary to analyze the causes that lead to the increasing frequency of suicide or to dwell upon the horrible aftermath of such tragedies in their relation to and influence upon those directly involved.

"Intemperance, lust, covetousness, theft, murder, and other crimes are the causes of nearly one-half of the suicides or attempted suicides which annually occur. 'For the corruptible body,' says the writer of 'The Wisdom of Solomon,' 'presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things.'

"To expect either science or sociology to afford us the medicines we need to preserve the soul in health or heal it when diseased would be like looking for grapes on a bramble bush. The primary duty of the church is that of ministry to man in the things of character, conscience, and faith. The understanding needs light, the will requires to be chastened and subdued, the conscience must be adjusted and corrected by the loadstone of truth.

"Jesus Christ is the Great Physician, and the medicines necessary for this evil are to be drawn from the dispensary of His word: 'And they brought unto Him all that were sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, possessed with devils, and epileptic, and palsied, and He healed them.' Today's like action and faith will insure a like result."

IN THE COURTS AND CAPITALS OF THE OLD WORLD

Signor Mayor Des Planches May Leave Washington to Enter the Italian Cabinet.—Signor Prinetti's Paralytic Attack Recalls a Dramatic Incident—Russia's Ministerial Departments May Be Reorganized—Czar Contemplates a New System.

May Enter Italian Cabinet.

Signor Prinetti's paralytic attack during the course of an audience with King Victor Emmanuel may lead to the departure from Washington of Signor Mayor des Planches, who has for some time past been regarded both in Italy and in official circles abroad as destined to succeed to the post of minister of foreign affairs. He possesses altogether exceptional qualifications for the position, having for years been the chef de cabinet of the late Premier Crispi, and the permanent chief of the consulta, or department of foreign affairs, at Rome.

Signor Prinetti's withdrawal from the Italian administration would be deplored nowhere more than at Berlin, where the continuance of Italy as the member of the Triple Alliance is regarded as being in no small measure attributable to his influence. He is a close and intimate friend of the German chancellor, Count von Buelow, their relations dating back to the days when the count was a mere secretary of legation, while the Countess von Buelow, who, it will doubtless be remembered, is of Italian birth, and a sister of Prince Camporeale, has grown up from childhood with Madame Prinetti, with whom she has always remained on the terms of the most uninterrupted and close affection.

It is impossible that these relations between von Buelow and Prinetti, and between their respective wives have been entirely without influence upon the conduct of the foreign policy of Germany and Italy with regard to one another, and Prinetti's retirement into private life in consequence of the severe stroke of paralysis which he has sustained, would therefore be felt as a distinct loss at Berlin.

Prinetti is a remarkably clever man, utterly devoid of affectation and with no pretensions whatsoever to belong to the patriciate, his ancestors having all been Lombard merchants. Until he assumed office he was celebrated as one of the principal manufacturers of bicycles and sewing machines in Italy, the name of the firm, which is still in existence, being Stucci & Prinetti, of Milan.

A Dramatic Incident.

Prinetti's seizure was most dramatic, and has so far as I am aware but one precedent, namely, when the Russian minister of finance, Wychnegradski, was somewhat similarly stricken during the course of an audience with Alexander III of Russia. He was a homely little man, of plebeian birth, being the son of a village pope, and was indebted for the fortune which he acquired previous to entering the service of the state and for the high rank which he subsequently attained, entirely to his own qualities and merit.

It seems that on the day of his seizure he looked so ill that while waiting in the imperial antechamber the chamberlain in attendance thought it necessary to warn the Czar of the minister's condition. When therefore the statesman entered the imperial presence Alexander arose from his chair, advanced to meet him, holding out both hands to him and exclaiming in the most cheery and affectionate tones: "Good morning my dear Yvan. Let us postpone business until tomorrow, and instead of working stay and take breakfast with me."

The minister, however, seemed suddenly to have been overtaken by a cerebral attack and his reason to have temporarily deserted him. For without appearing to see or hear the Czar, he commenced to bow profoundly to the latter's vacant chair, murmuring unintelligible phrases. Thereupon taking up his position at the imperial desk, he commenced to read his official report, addressing himself to the still vacant chair of the Czar, and at the end of every sentence stopping to give a French translation thereof. The Czar profoundly moved by this pitiable spectacle brought up a chair to the desk and gently forced the minister into it, and then hastened to the antechamber to summon a physician. When he returned with the medical man he found the little statesman unconscious and with his head resting on the imperial desk.

Russia's Ministerial Departments.

Russia's ministerial departments, which were organized on their present basis a hundred years ago by Emperor Alexander I, and which have just been celebrating the centennial anniversary of their creation, differ from offices of an analogous character in other civilized countries, in that they all work independently from one another, without any community of action, their only bond of union being loyalty to the sovereign and implicit obedience to his autocratic power.

In other countries of Europe whenever a minister contemplates inaugurating an important measure he invariably discusses it in council with his colleagues, so that in the event of its affecting in any way their departments he may be secure of their co-operation and be safe from any obstruction on the part of the officials subject to their orders.

There is nothing of the kind in Russia, where each minister works independently of his colleagues, taking council only with the subordinates of his own department, and reporting only to the Czar himself. It will naturally be seen that there are great drawbacks to this system, especially in cases where the ministers are not on friendly terms with one another, and there is no doubt that a good deal of the difficulty which the Czar has experienced in introducing certain reforms and carrying through measures upon which his heart was set, has been due to this lack of co-operation on the part of his ministers.

A New System Contemplated.

It is said that the Czar, with the object of remedying this condition of affairs, contemplates inaugurating a system of weekly ministerial councils, at which all measures about to be introduced by one or the other of the ministers shall be discussed by the heads of the other branches of the administration in his presence.

There is no such thing as a prime minister in Russia, and, of course, the ministers are absolutely free from that legislative supervision and control to which they are subjected in other countries.

The Russian ministerial departments were founded, as I have stated above, by Alexander I, to take the place of the so-called "colleges" established by Peter the Great in 1717. These "colleges" consisted of a group of officials charged with one particular branch of the administration of the government, and each "college" elected its own president, who was the executive head and the means of communication between the college and the sovereign. These colleges, working independently of one another, passed the laws which suited them without much regard to the wishes of the Czar, who was half the time kept in ignorance of their doings, and they practically ran the matter to suit themselves in an altogether irresponsible fashion until Alexander I appeared upon the scene and substituted in their stead ministerial departments, each under the head of one minister directly responsible to the sovereign, and only permitted to issue decrees with the sanction and under the sign manual of the monarch.

His Voice May Have Caused Trouble.

The Crown Prince of Saxony has the highest pitched voice of any adult male scion of European royalty. Originally shrill to an almost phenomenal degree, it was rendered still more so by imprudences during his recovery from an attack of measles, by which he was overtaken during a visit to Berlin. Indeed, his voice, with its mixture of hoarseness and squeakiness, is so intensely exasperating to a person with high strung nerves that perhaps his ex-wife, in her present delicate condition of health, may have been driven thereby to avoid him, at any rate to endeavor to escape coming within the sound of his voice. One thing is certain, namely, that when he comes to the throne he will by natural causes be debarred from seeking to emulate the oratorical prowesses of Emperor William.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

In the Public Eye.

The fiftieth anniversary of Archbishop Ryan's ordination next September will be observed by a jubilee celebration arranged by the clergy of the archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Prof. Friedrich Delitsch, of the University of Berlin, whose recent lectures on the Babylonian origin of the Bible created a sensation, will visit the United States in March.

Will S. Hays, of Louisville, claims to be the author of "Dixie." He was assisted, he says, by Charles L. Ward, and David P. Faulds, recently deceased, published the song. The authorship of this popular Southern melody has been in dispute for many years.

An Antarctic expedition, backed by American capital, will soon be headed by C. E. Borchgrevink, the Antarctic explorer.

Alfred Russell Wallace, who is credited with Darwin with establishing the theory of evolution, is eighty years old.

Although Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," was elected a member of the French Academy several months ago, he has not yet been officially received by that body. The reception has been repeatedly postponed until it has been jocularly suggested that the youngest academician would be the oldest before he could sit at the institute.

Alfred A. Hewlett, son of the original of David Harum, has announced that he will celebrate the eighty-second anniversary of his father's birth on February 17. The guests, who will number nearly 200, will all be widows.

AN OMAR FOR LADIES.

One for her Club and her own Latch-key fights,
Another wastes in Study her good Nights;
Ah, take the Clothes and let the Culture go,
Nor heed the grumble of the Women's Rights!

Look at the Shopgirl all about us—"Lo,
The wages of a month," she says, "I blow
Into a Hat, and when my hair is waved,
Doubtless my Friend will take me to the Show."

And she who saved her coin for Flannels red,
And she who caught Pneumonia instead
Will both be Underground in Fifty Years,
And Prudence pays no premium to the dead.

Th' exclusive Style you set your heart upon
Gets to the Bargain counters—and anon
Like monograms on a Saleslady's tie
Cheers but a moment—soon for you 'tis gone.

Think, in the sad Four Hundred's gilded halls,
Whose endless Leisure ev'n themselves appals,
How Ping Pong raged so high—then faded out
To those far Suburbs that still chase its Balls.

They say Sixth Avenue and the Bowery keep
The dernier cri that once was far from cheap;
Green Veils, one season chic—Department stores
Mark down in vain—No profit shall they reap.

—Josephine Dodge Daskam in Harper's Magazine.

Unconsidered Trifles.

Mastery of Modern Tongues.

"They tell me, professor, you have mastered all the modern tongues."

"Well, yes; all but my wife's and her mother's."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

To "Dine Al Fresco."

"Do you know Mr. Fresco—Mr. Albert Fresco?" inquired Mrs. Nuritch.

"No," said her husband. "Why?"

"I've got an invite to Mrs. Bluegore's garden party, and she says they're going to dine Al Fresco."—Philadelphia Press.

"Nothin' Doin'" After the Holidays.

Mother—Johnny, how is it you stand so much lower in your studies in January than you did in December?

Son—Oh, everything is marked down after the holidays, you know, mother.—Puck.

Church Choir Amenities.

He—Are Miss Simson and Miss Timkins good friends?

She—I should say not. Why, they couldn't be more bitter enemies if they sang together in the same church choir.—Chicago Daily News.

An Unsatisfactory Light.

Mrs. A.—When I was engaged to my husband he was the very light of my existence.

Mrs. D.—And now—?

Mrs. A.—The light goes out every night.—Brooklyn Life.

The Unselfish Widow.

"Widowhood makes a woman unselfish,"

"Why so?"

"Because she ceases to look out for No. 1, and begins to look out for No. 2.—Town and Country.

As Seen By Politicians.

In the Hands of His Friends.

For a man who intimates that he does not care a farthing whether or not he receives the Democratic nomination for the Presidency next year, and would not do a thing to advocate his candidacy, the Hon. Richard Olney appears to have a large number of friends who are wondrously active in his behalf. Following the statement made in Washington several days ago by Mr. Olney's dear, good friend, the Hon. William Lindsay, formerly Senator from Kentucky, that the ex-Secretary of State would do absolutely nothing to aid the movement to obtain the nomination at the hands of the next national convention, comes the announcement that Bay State Democracy is undergoing a reorganization for the purpose of developing the Olney Presidential boom. This, taken in connection with the Cleveland-Olney-Whitney "social meeting of old friends" in New York recently, might convey the impression to suspicious minds that the Hon. Richard Olney is perhaps playing 'possum for the purpose of deceiving the friends of various other aspirants and causing them to think that they have no cause to fear rivalry from him.

While, after his talk with the ex-Secretary, Senator Lindsay did not depict Mr. Olney as seated on the Lupercal, thrice refusing indignantly and haughtily the proffer of a Presidential crown, he did not only indicate, but say, that if the nomination came to Mr. Olney it must come without solicitation or invitation from him. Notwithstanding, it would scarce seem probable that the cultured gentlemen who are the leaders of the old-line Democracy of Massachusetts would be so rude as to go ahead making plans for Mr. Olney's nomination without consulting him or asking his advice as to how they should proceed. It seldom happens in a matter of this kind that the person most interested sits back and watches the performance without himself having something to say. To most persons it would appear a heartless and discouraging task to undertake to obtain the nomination for so high and exalted an office as the Presidency when the principal is so indifferent as not to manifest concern whether he wins or not, or evince sufficient interest to aid and abet the effort.

The Early Bird.

However that may be, in the case of the friends of Mr. Olney they are preparing early for the campaign, and intend to spring here and there all over the country from time to time as the occasion may seem propitious, little Olney boomlets which they hope to fuse into one big monstrous boom-boom when the proper moment shall arrive. To this end the Hon. Josiah Quincy, still remembered for some of the things he has done, and for some he did not do, has been placed at the head of the Olney booming bureau with plenipotentiary powers to go ahead and do his handsomest to counteract the widespread and growing effect of the Parker popularity, and to overawe the various little boomleins which may rise from time to time as the date for the national convention draws nigh.

The first serious problem which confronts the Olney managers is the disposition of the Hon. George Fred Williams, who has for some time been the controlling influence in the Bay State Democracy. The Hon. George Fred has not yet announced his Presidential favorite, but when he does there is small probability that his name will be Richard Olney. This somewhat erratic, but nevertheless talented ex-statesman, has not forgotten the unpleasant things which some of those who are now Olney men said about him in the campaign of 1896, and subsequently, when he undertook the hopeless task of carrying New England for Bryan and failed by some hundreds of thousands of votes, which might have been more had there been more votes to cast. The Hon. George Fred is the national committeeman for Massachusetts, and will not willingly surrender to the silk-stocking Democracy of Boston, and there are serious doubts as to whether anyone can make him do so, and State pride is scarce strong enough to cause him to yield.

Rough Lies the Way.

Aside from the opposition of the Hon. George Fred Williams there are other huge obstacles in the way of the Olneyites to prevent the nomination of their favorite. Even if Mr. Olney should be nominated it would be practically impossible for him to carry Massachusetts, and the man needed by the Democracy is one who, living in a doubtful State, by reason of his popularity at home, will be able to secure the electoral votes of that State. Here Mr. Olney would fail to meet the requirements. There is no man in the Democratic party strong enough to take any New England State out of the Republican column. It was tried with Mr. Sewell in 1896, and a dismal failure resulted, and the attempt is not likely to be repeated. Connecticut is the only State where the Democrats ever had a chance in a Presidential year, and even if Connecticut had a Democrat of Presidential size next year it would not be worth while to try for her six votes, when there are many more populous States where the element of doubt is vastly greater.

Neither Friend Nor Foe.

Again, Mr. Olney is hardly the man to harmonize the two factions of Democracy and bring them together to fight against their common enemy. His candidacy is open to objections from both wings of the party.

The great body of Democrats who followed Mr. Bryan in 1896 have not forgotten in the few years which have elapsed since that time that Mr. Olney deserted them, and flocked with the so-called National Democracy, under the leadership of Palmer and Buckner, if he did not actually vote the Republican ticket, as did thousands of other anti-silver Democrats. They will want, and will have a right to insist upon having, as their candidate next year a man who at least was not openly "agin'" them but eight years before. The very fact of his intimate relations with ex-President Cleveland, and the belief that Mr. Cleveland looks with favor upon his candidacy, will be sufficient to make him objectionable to the unreconstructed Democrats of the Bryan type.

His return to the fold in 1900 via the anti-imperialism route, perhaps with the ulterior purpose of becoming a candidate himself next year, will not be enough to cause these Democrats to nestle up to him with any considerable degree of enthusiasm.

On the other hand, it has made him amenable to the charge of Bryanism by those who, notwithstanding the issue of imperialism, refused to support the party with free silver still in its platform in the last Presidential campaign. So it can readily be seen that the Hon. Richard Olney is not logically the man to be nominated by the Democrats next year, and those who have assumed the job of managing his boom, whether with or without his advice and consent are, to use a vulgarism of the street, "up against a tough proposition."

SELF-MADE RULERS.

Few Chances Nowadays for the "Man Who Would Be a King."

The race of Irish kings never ends. A dispatch from Chattanooga tells of the late David O'Keefe, an American, who went to a Caroline island some thirty years ago, "ingratiated himself with the natives and on the death of the native king was proclaimed king" of the Island of Yap. Probably he was an exceedingly able sovereign. It is the dream of many boys to be king of some delightful island in Polynesia, Micronesia, Melanesia. The duties of the post are not supposed to be arduous and the climate is satisfactory. The world is getting altogether too thickly settled nowadays, and it's a poor little island that isn't gobbled up by a big power.

In days not so very remote there were more prizes for adventure, and the Man Who Would Be King had a fair chance. There was a terrible man in Fiji in the early part of the nineteenth century, "Paddy" Connors, a man we venerated in our green, unknowing youth, and we still like him. He was one of the band of gentlemen who left their country for their country's good, wearied of the Australian landscape and escaped. These refugees raised hob in the Fiji islands, were honored as gods or devils, set up and threw down kings, cut a wide swath and were monarchs of all they surveyed. "Paddy" was the best or worst man in the lot. He didn't actually become king, we believe, but he was the power behind the throne. The king of the island on which he settled became the most powerful of Fijian rulers, and that island got a headship over the rest of the group. "Paddy" was the real king. Did he object to anybody? Forthwith the king sent to that unworthy subject, made him build an earth-oven and bake himself to death in it, a victim to the offended "Paddy."

"Paddy" Connors ate of the fat and drank of the sweet for a good while. In time more virtuous white men came and drove him into exile in his old age. He had forty-eight children, if we remember right, when he was thus ostracized. After a long, stirring life, his sole remaining ambition was to see the number of his children increased to fifty, a Homeric or Priamic sheaf. We wish "Paddy" Connors had left memoirs. He was a forcible man, and, with all his faults, very fit to be a king.—New York Sun.

THE WICKED PUBLISHERS.

The Duke of the Abruzzi recently published in Italy an account of his Arctic explorations, with the modest and appropriate title of "The Pole Star in the Arctic Sea." The book has just been published in England, but the title reads, "Farther North Than Nansen." This is, of course, the work of the English publisher. The duke, if he is anything like the other members of the house of Savoy—and nobody has had any reason to suppose that he is not—must be utterly disgusted at this caddish title. One would suppose, from the title, that the duke's sole object in writing the book was to discredit Nansen, whereas as a matter of fact he has the highest admiration for Nansen, whom he constantly consulted before starting on his polar voyage.

The growing practice among publishers of changing, either with or without the consent of authors, titles of books which are placed or come into their hands, ought to be severely condemned. In the case of an English book which is pirated in America, the author, of course, cannot help himself, but in many other cases the author is induced by the persistent representations of his publisher to change the title of his book, if it is republished in any foreign country. Thus dozens of English books which have been republished in America have changed their titles because the American publishers did not like the original titles. The "Nigger of Narcissus," which was precisely the right title for Mr. Conrad's book, was baptized in America with the commonplace title of "Children of the Sea," and this, though a particularly flagrant case, was only one of many. I myself once weakly yielded to the representations of a publisher and abandoned an excellent title for one which was enough to kill any book, and promptly did its deadly work on mine. The Duke of the Abruzzi will probably be held responsible for the objectionable title under which his book is published in England, but even if he was consulted, and consented to the change of the title, he was probably unable to hinder the publisher from making the change.—W. L. Alden, in the New York Times.